

# The Sydney Morning Herald.

No. 8929—VOL. LV.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1867.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

BIRTH.—On the 28th December, 1866, at Edgeworth Cottage, Arundale, the wife of CHARLES THOMAS WEAVER, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGE.—

On New Year's Day, 1867, Mr. WALKIN, at the Wesleyan Church, Parramatta, to MARY JAMES, eldest daughter of Mr. JAMES EAST, butcher, & SARAH WIFE, youngest daughter of the late Rev. JOHN MCKENNY, Wesleyan Minister. No cards.

DEATHS.—

On the 15th December, 1866, at his residence, North Richmond, Mr. WALTER WATKINS, aged 70 years.

On the 20th December, 1866, Mr. CASILLAS, FLORIDA, the beloved wife of Dr. J. C. CASILLAS, aged 22 years.

On the 21st December, 1866, FRANCES, youngest daughter of the late Mrs. THOMAS NORMAN TAYLOR, Kempsey, Macleay River, aged 22 years.

On the 22nd December, 1866, at his residence, Albertabad, Parramatta, Mr. JAMES BAZIERON, late teacher of A. S. School, after a long illness, which had been aggravated by Nausea HOGAN, the beloved and only son of Henry Charles Hoffman, of Darling-street, Balmain, aged 13 years and 9 months.

SHIP ADVERTISEMENTS.

**C H E S T E R R A T E S**  
**P A R M A M M A T A A N D R I V E R S C A M E R A S.**

**S H I P A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.**

The swift and commodious steamer EMU, PELICAN, and BLACK SWAN, daily, from Fleet Slip Wharf, Circular-street.

TO COKATOO, WINTERLY HILL, GLADESVILLE, and RYDE, 6, 8, and 11 a.m.; 1, 8.15, 6, and 9 p.m.

TO PARMAMMATA, 6, 9, and 11 a.m.; 1 and 6 p.m.

62 Pairs of less than half the railway rates.

From PARMAMMATA, 5.50, 6, and 11 a.m.; 1 and 3 p.m.

From RYDE, 7.45, 8.40, 11.45, 1.40, 3.45, 4.25, and 7.

From GLADESVILLE, 8, 9, 12, 2, 4, 4.45, and 7.15.

From HUNTER'S HILL, at a quarter-past seven hours.

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## REVIEW.

spanish Papers and other Miscellanies hitherto Unpublished or Unseen. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Arranged and edited by THOMAS M. IRVING. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. G. P. Putnam and Hard and Houghton, 1866.

(From the New York Tribune.)

THESE beautifully printed volumes contain all of the hitherto unpublished productions of Washington Irving's prolific pen, together with certain papers—biographical sketches, reviews of books, and other miscellanies which have been selected from English and American reviews and magazines. We are glad on many accounts that these articles have been collected and put to such a form that they can be easily referred to in connection with the Life and letters of Irving, for several of them are of importance in illustrating Irving's character or satisfying us on points where his conduct has been sharply but unjustly criticised.

The first volume contains the "Spanish Papers," consisting of legendary tales principally relating to the Moorish rule in Spain, and the contest between the Moors and the Christians, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the nobler and more accomplished race. In these tales Mr. Irving is found again ground which by his learning and research, less than by his enthusiasm and poetic diction, he has made his own. We are never of reading what he writes about Spain, as was never tired of writing, and Mr. Pierre, who unwittingly caused his distinguished uncle to lay aside these charming sketches, has the ampest amends for his mischance in them to us in this luxurious type and paper. We are glad also that with this farewell volume of the works of that writer whose fame has done so much to popularise and revive, George P. Putnam has again entered the id as a publisher. On what he has done to Irving's works into a beautiful typographical shape, and to scatter them broadcast over country, Mr. Putnam might well be content rest his claims to be counted one of our foremost publishers; but we have to thank him for my books besides, which have had a wide influence on our American culture. Our hopes for him are that he may find another, and, surely, good wishes for the next that the gods may bless us with, can no more cordial than that he may another Putnam to water his laurels.

Washington Irving died at "Sunnyside" on the 28th of November, 1859, at the age of sixty-six. In the Spring of the previous year had finished the fifth and last volume of his "Life of Washington," which closed the long list of his valuable contributions to the literature of the English tongue. It was in Italy, while he was living in Paris, that Conde, the Edinburgh publisher, wrote to him, asking the life of Washington as a subject for his pen; and although he did not at once about the proposed task, yet it is probable the happy suggestion took root in his mind, was never wholly forgotten. At that time, however, he was not in a mood favourable to undertaking of any literary work, nor would have been possible for him to write a life of Washington while living in Europe. And though he had now been away from home years, he was so far from any thought of a speedy return that we find him in the very next year, 1826, leaving Paris for Madrid, where he was soon deep in researches on "Life of Columbus." This was his first to Spain, a land of whose climate, scenery, language, and people he became so engrossed that it stood hardly second in his heart of his own country, of which, however, no man ever a more devoted son. America was to him, and mother; Spain was his mistress, before he set foot on her shores his heart was to have gone out to her, and the strong in which he was to be bound to her was kindly kindled by a previous study of her history and literature in her own language. In he wrote to his young nephew Pierre Paris: "The Spanish language is full of power, magnificence, and melody, taste, it excels the Italian in variety and savor. It has twice the quantity of words the French has. I do not know anything delights me more than the old Spanish are. You will find some splendid history in the language, and then its poetry is full of pathos, humour, beauty, sublimity."

The old literature of Spain partakes of character of its history and its people; there oriental splendour about it. The mixture civic fervour, magnificence, and romance, old Castilian pride and punctilious; the rous heraldism; the immaculate virtue; the stately notions of honour and courtesy, all stately with the sensual amours, the dulcenes, the unprincipled and crafty as which so often form the groundwork of his story."

It is impossible to read the numerous anecdotes and passages in his biography illustrative of his sensitiveness to the beauty of women and his delight in their society without feeling the depth of a nature that could remain constant through a long and varied life to the memory of a boyish love. But his nature was of a noble chivalry. His thoughts were habitually high; he was incapable of meanness; his instincts were always generous; and no change of circumstances could ever affect his treatment of those whose worth he had once proved. Even when Minister to Spain he went to pay a visit of condolence and sympathy to the Duchess of Victoria, the wife of the Regent Espartero, who had just been driven from power by the successful revolution of Narvaez. This visit Irving tells us provoked the sneer of a courtier, but he never adjusted his conduct to the standard of courtiers. He rather answered Sidney's description: "So valiant that he never durst do any one an injury; his word ever led him by his thought and followed by his deed." So great was his gentleness, his good will, so wide spread his charity, his dislike to offend so ingrained, that we a little forget the strength and intensity of his character. He had martial ardours in him, and if he had been a soldier would have recalled Bayard's name rather than Sidney's. When Madrid was besieged by the insurgents under Narvaez, Irving could not stay in doors, but went out, despite all remonstrances, to see everything that he could of what was going on. Indeed, he had a restless spirit, and it led him into wanderings over a goodly portion of earth; nor did he satisfy his love of experience and adventure until age and declining health made excitement hurtful to him. Warm-hearted, generous, chivalrous, brave, fond of adventure, he found in Spain a second native country, where he passed seven years of almost unalloyed happiness, serving his own people and laying up a store of material with which to delight the world; and when he finally left it, to return home, he could not bring himself to take a last farewell, but still hoped to return again; and, though he never accomplished that desire, his thoughts flew, bird-like, back and forth from Spain, and, Spring after Spring, built many a nest in the old Castilian trees.

Hardly had he become fairly settled at "Sunnyside," after his return from Europe in 1846, when he set himself to work to prepare for the Press the series of Spanish Legends which are collected and published for the first

time in the volume now put forth under the superintendence of his nephew, Mr. P. M. Irving, the same gentleman to whom we were previously indebted for that most delightful book, "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." In a letter written April 14, 1847, Irving wrote to his nephew:

"I am, by a little agreeable exertion, turning to account a mass of matter that has been lying in my trunk for years. When I was in Madrid, in 1826-27, just after I had finished 'Columbus,' I commenced a series of sketches illustrative of the war between the Moors and the Christians, which were given as the production of a monk, Fray Antonio Asopio. The 'Quest of Granada' was the only one I finished, though I roughly sketched out parts of some others. Your uncle Peter was always anxious for me to carry out my plan; but somehow or other I let it grow cool. The 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' was so immediately successful that I had anticipated, though it has had its way better than many others, that it would be quickly taken up at first. I am apt to get out of context of anything I have said. I suffered the manuscript of these sketches to lie in my trunk like waste paper. About four or five weeks since, I was tired one day of muddling over my printed works [he had begun to publish a revised edition of the press], and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of these chronicles came into my head. It was the 'Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzales' that I had in mind, and I carried it about with me, and I made it up as I went along. I made about 60 or 80 pages of my writing. I took it up, was amused with it, and found I had hit the right vein in my management of it. I went to work and rewrote it, and got so in the spirit of the thing that I went to work on more at two or three fragmentary chronicles filling up the chasma, rewriting parts. In a word, I have now complete, though not thoroughly printed, the 'Chronicle of Pelayo, the Chronicle of Fernando, the Chronicle of Alfonso, the Chronicle of the Omnipotentes in Spain, giving the succession of those brilliant sovereigns, from the time that the Moors in Spain was under the first and to the death of the last of them; also the Chronicle of Fernando the Saint with the re-conquest of Seville. I feel confident that I can make the work a taking one—giving a picture of Spain in various periods of the Moors domination, and giving illustrations of the places of noted events from what I have myself seen in my rambles about Spain."

Mr. Irving, however, never put his pen to a final revision of these sketches, but laid them aside for the "Life of Washington," which had so often yielded place to Spain and her history that it seemed but reasonable it should now assert its claims and urge him to a completion. From this time, therefore, till, as we began by saying, within a year of his death, the "Life of Washington" occupied his pen with but slight interruption, although he was busied during much of the earlier portion of this period with the revision of his works, preparing them for the republication which was proposed and carried to a successful termination by Mr. George P. Putnam. His powers of work, though he was now past 60, seemed but little impaired, and his industry, when once fairly started in a literary undertaking, is really wonderful. He wrote his delightful "Life of Goldsmith," beyond all question the best biography of the poet that exists, within sixty days, and he has scarcely written anything that is more worthy of his reputation. Yet he was almost afraid to look at it after it was published, and feared that it might give evidence of flagging power: "Are you sure it does not smell of sloppiness?" he asked. The abridgment of his "Columbus" was begun and finished in nineteen days—four hundred printed pages—and yet it was so well done that it had a success hardly inferior to that of the original work. Yet Irving had much to contend with in the natural indolence of his disposition, and the tendency to look with an unfavourable eye on his own performances, which often filled him with vague apprehensions of failure uniting him for labour, for which he required serene and happy moods. And yet he scarcely ever wrote anything that was not immediately successful. The second of these volumes contains his earliest attempts at writing, his letters of "Jonathan Oldstyle," written in 1802, at the age of nineteen, while he was studying law in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. There must have been many who read the playful letters at the time of publication acute enough to recognise the genius of the author, for Irving hardly ever excelled certain portions of them. But whether those who know to read between the lines saw hints of Irving's future in these letters or not, they were read by the public with avidity, and so were the publications that immediately followed: "Salamagundi," published in 1807, whose humour seems to have a perennial flavour, enjoyed even by our generation, so far removed from the time and persons with which it is concerned; "Knickerbocker's History of New York," published in 1809, which gave almost as much delight to English as American readers, and paved the way for the unprecedented, but easily understood, success of the "Sketch Book," which, after all, is probably the book by which Irving will be best known to posterity. The "Biographical Sketches" which follow the "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle" in these volumes, were written for the "Analectic Magazine," a monthly periodical published in Philadelphia by the late Moses Thomas of that city, and edited by Irving during the years 1813, 1814. The Review was originally styled the "Select Review," the name was changed to "Analectic" when Mr. Irving became editor of it. His contributions consisted of a Review of the Works of Robert Treat Paine; a review of Odes, Naval Songs and other Occasional Poems by Edwin C. Holland of Charleston; a notice of Paulding's Lay of the Scottish Fiddle; of Lord Byron; Traits of Indian Character, and Philip of Pokanoket, afterwards incorporated in the Sketch Book; and Biographies of Captain James Lawrence, Lieutenant William Burrows, Commodore Oliver Perry and Captain David Porter. Of these contributions, the Review of Paine's Works, and a notice of Thomas Campbell published in the March number of 1815, with the Naval Biographies, are the only ones republished in these volumes. His biographer says: "The conduct of this magazine, which he had hoped to find a mere pastime, proved to be an irksome business. He had a great repugnance to periodical labour of every description, and to one branch of it, criticism, his aversion was pointed, for he wished to be just, and could not bear to be severe. He shrank from the idea of inflicting pain. The naval biographies afforded a more agreeable occupation. It was a proud satisfaction to record the triumphs, to quote the strong language of a letter to his brother William, 'of that choice band of gallant spirits who had borne up the drowning honour of their country by the locks.' These sketches are spirited and earnest, and can hardly fail to stir a chord of patriotic feeling in the breast of the reader of to-day. The remainder of the second volume of these miscellanies is filled with material of less interest, but we think it was well to preserve the articles; they add something to our knowledge of Irving's methods of work, if they furnish but little additional help in understanding the character of his mind.

That mental character was a purer reflex of the moral and spiritual nature of the man than we often meet with. And never has a style, however pure and lucid, been the window through which we have looked into a more sincere and childlike nature than that of Irving. It was childlike, but it was, at the same time, deep and strong, and its depths have hardly been sufficiently estimated. It has been with his character as it has been with his books: it was so simple in its elements, and its manifestations were so delicate, so absolutely free from all pretension or affectation, that it was long in making its right impression on the world. Irving's character is now, thanks to his nephew's excellent memoirs and "Life," better known than the mass of his countrymen than it was during his life. In his native city, and among his more immediate neighbours, it is true, he was always highly valued, but we did not know till lately what force there was in him, what a deep glow of patriotism, what courage of his opinions, what allegiance to duty born of the most sensitive honour. Such elements were in the man in full proportion to his tenderness, his gentleness, his fear to wound, his pity for the suffering. And it is the strong beauty of this character shining through his pell-mell style like a flame through an alabaster lamp, that draws the eyes of the world so steadily, glad to be soothed and cheered and strengthened by its perennial ray. Young writers wonder what there is in Irving that makes him so honoured; they question the judgment of the public, which has been given in no doubtful voice. They hint that the time has come for a candid, a severe examination of his works, and express a modest assurance that the result of such an examination must inevitably be fatal to his claim. But these writers forget that Irving never made any claim. They forget that the public crowned him of its own free will, that England crowned him first, and that at a time when her own literature sparkled with names too splendid to give colour to the suggestion that Irving shone so bright because he shone alone. Irving's name will hold its place in our literature with an unchanged lustre so long as that literature shall endure. And the rising generation of writers cannot do more wisely than to make his character and career a study, nor can they find a purer model on which to form their style. He and Hawthorne are our wells of English undefiled.

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## THE SIMLA COURT-MARTIAL.

(From the United Service Gazette, October 27.) The military public, both in India and England, are waiting with intense curiosity and interest, for the decision of the supreme authorities on this too celebrated case. As far as opinion is concerned, Sir William Mansfield is condemned by the whole of the Press, even the *Times*, his only journalistic friend, having at last given up the case in its article of yesterday. Two or three days previously a pilot balloon was sent up in the same columns, in the shape of a letter conspicuously printed, the tenor of which was that whilst the Commander-in-Chief had fallen into a "mistake," the Captain had committed a series of crimes, and that therefore for the home authorities to act on the merciful recommendation of the Simla Court-martial would be to "encourage mutiny and disobedience in the army, the fruits of which it would take years to eradicate." The article of yesterday, following such a letter, is a pretty plain indication that the case is finally given up.

The writer in the *Times*, whoever he may be, calculates hopefully and sanguinely on the stupidity or gullibility of his readers, when he presents the case to them in the form in which it is stated by him in his letter. It is first presumed that Sir William Mansfield, having made the charges of dishonesty against Captain Jervis, was bound to bring him to court-martial, that is to say, that having, in some uncontrollable heat of temper, which was most unbecoming in a great officer of the Crown, published a disgraceful and derogatory accusation against an officer and a gentleman, he was bound to push it through "to the bitter end," without the slightest consideration for the feelings of an injured man, his own personal character, or the honour and credit of her Majesty's service. His Excellency did, indeed, pursue his vengeance to the bitter end, and after, we believe, that end will be for himself, rather than his victim. He made one false step in making the first accusation, and he made a fearful plunge into tyranny and injustice in instituting the Court-martial; but even then, when he had done enough to ruin any other man, a lucky chance was thrown in his way, by the recommendation of the Court-martial, which, if he had acceded to, would have settled the whole business, and Sir William might have remained in his command, to learn a lesson of decorum and self-restraint for the benefit of future sides-de-camp. But "whom the Gods wish to destroy they first mad," and Sir William, not only by rejecting the kindly recommendation, but by the reasons which he gives for so doing, has left his friends, many and powerful as they are, without the slightest excuse for saving him. We have often had to speak harshly of the proceedings of courts-martial, and to mark with sorrow their frequent denials of justice, but in the case of the Simla Court we have a glorious exception. For three months it gave the most patient and searching investigation to the whole of Sir William Mansfield's accusations; it convicted Captain Jervis, where it thought him guilty, acquitted him where it believed him innocent, and fearlessly pronounced his moral exculpation by recommending him to the mercy of the Commander-in-Chief. It is to such a Court that Sir William Mansfield addresses his imperious and insulting reply, broadly accusing it of having decided against the evidence, sends back its sentence for revision, and when revision is firmly refused, finally sues the Court by contemptuously refusing to act on its recommendation. This is the last aspect of the case, and upon it the *Times* of yesterday finally pronounces its judgment and throws the Commander-in-Chief overboard. What the authorities mean to do remains yet to be seen, but we feel that we make no mistake in repeating our prediction that Captain Jervis will be reinstated in the army. Whether in addition the strong measure of recalling the Commander-in-Chief will be taken as a matter of only secondary importance, as no man in Sir William's position could consent to retain for a moment an office for which his superiors had pronounced him unfit, by reversing one of his most public and important decisions.

The one of doing justice now lies between his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and Lord Cranborne, the Minister for India. We have no fear for the decision of his Royal Highness, who will judge clearly and decide justly in a matter so vital to the discipline of the Army. His Royal Highness will not be frightened by the consequences threatened by the correspondent of the *Times*, but will see that mutiny and insubordination are best prevented by protecting the weak against the strong, rather than by permitting the latter to crush, right or wrong, whoever may have been so unfortunate as to incur their displeasure. The strength of a Government is based beyond all things on the reliance of the governed on its justice, and that reliance once destroyed, governing becomes merely an affair of physical strength and pressure, to be thrown off at the

first favourable opportunity. His Royal Highness had no hesitation in reversing the decision of the Mhow Court-martial, and it was no fault of his that justice was ultimately partially defeated in that case. We do not therefore fear that his hand will falter because the wrong-doer in this case is a local Commander-in-Chief; on the contrary, we honestly believe that if Sir William Mansfield were his Royal Highness's own son or brother, the consciousness of that fact would only render him the more stern and inexorable in the discharge of his public duty. But with Lord Cranborne the case is different. His lordship is not, as a Prince of the Blood, placed so high above all other classes in the country as to look at the grievances of all with equal and impartial eye. His lordship is the official representative of a class, and we have reason to believe is daily besieged by members of that class with the most plausible reasons for confirming the triumph of Sir William Mansfield, and acquiescing in the destruction of his victim. The colonels are at strong phalanxes on the Conservative benches, and the colonels are to a man with the Commander-in-Chief and against the side-de-camp. If the master were left to the unbiased decision of Lord Cranborne, we have sufficient confidence in his lordship's calm judgment and sense of justice to induce us to wait patiently for his lordship's decision; but there is a back stairs at the India Office, as well as elsewhere, and that back stairs is being ascended by many busy feet at the present moment. But Lord Cranborne will not forget that this is a case which, if not now fairly decided, must inevitably come before Parliament. A man of the energy which Captain Jervis has already exhibited is not likely to acquiesce quietly in his own social and professional destruction; he has a splendid Parliamentary grievance, and he will find hosts of willing and unscrupulous advocates amongst "Her Majesty's Opposition." We should be sorry indeed to see a Government which promises so well both for its own tenure of office and for the good of the country as that of Lord Derby, tripped up in its first session, by a case which will furnish the whole force of Whig and Radical guerillas with weapons which no official restraints will now prevent them from using. To prevent so disagreeable a contingency, all that is necessary is an act of simple justice. The Court summoned by Sir William Mansfield himself has pronounced Captain Jervis guilty of all moral offence, and the atrocity of the provocation which that officer received must be held as completely palliating his subsequent indiscretions. The decision of the Commander-in-Chief in India has already been reversed by the whole Indian Press, and now the last and most powerful of the English journals has, although evidently with much reluctance, been compelled by its own sense of justice to join in the universal chorus of condemnation. It would be an insult to the understanding of Lord Cranborne to suppose that he would hesitate for a moment as to the course which he ought to pursue. He would be false to his party, were he to put weapons into the hands of his enemies, false to his official responsibilities to allow himself to be influenced by personal importunities, and false to those principles of justice which are of the very essence of the British Constitution, if he allowed wrong, even to the very humblest of Her Majesty's subjects, to remain one moment longer than that of its recognition without a full and sufficient remedy.

## THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

(From the *Times*, November 2.) It has been publicly asserted that in London alone there are some 150,000 children without any education whatever. The reply is that in so vast an aggregate must be included all those who attend private schools, unconnected with the Government or any religious body, but we have seen no calculation of the deduction to be made on this account. Suppose we strike off 50,000 from this estimate, it is still a portentous fact that in the year 1866 100,000 children at least in the capital of Great Britain should be destitute of all that can make them virtuous or even honest citizens. We hear much of the intelligence and good conduct of the Prussian troops in the late campaign with these educational advantages, or to understand their superiority to the subjects of an Empire which still maintains the Concordat. Public opinion in this country will, we believe, refuse to adopt such a system, but it is well that we should sometimes review our results by the light of foreign experience.

## BARMAIDS.

(From the *London Review*.) The service of the bar has hitherto the appearance of a philanthropic recreation. The young ladies engaged in it smile a perpetual smile, and accept twopence with a scarcely conscious recognition of the till. Those at railway stations are of an order even above smiling. Serving in the consciousness of frizzled hair, and feeling that you are more or less at their mercy in reference to the train, they help you with a deliberation which you could better appreciate at any other moment. The railway barmaid is fearfully and wonderfully curled. How does she do it? How does she go to bed with it? Does she charge the directors for the labour spent over it, or is their barber retained on the line, and are his expenses under the several heads taken out of the travellers in the soup? A London barmaid varies with the district. The City barmaid differs from the West-centre barmaid, and the Haymarket species is peculiar to itself. The street of late suppers swarms with taverns, presiding over which is usually one abundant divinity, and several lesser graces. The sensation of hearing a wax figure speak would, we imagine, have a chilling effect on the nerves. There is something more deathlike than death in wax; but for something like death in life as possible—death of soul, that is garnished with a back ground which brings out its full ghastliness—see the painted mask which a Haymarket barmaid puts on for a face. It does splendidly for the calling. The barmaid in hay has an ornamental portion of the premises, quite as much as the maple and the gilding. The full-blown Habe is not unfrequently mistress of the establishment, and around her the regular customers are grouped. The practice of placing young country girls in a place of the kind is not unknown, and we may easily infer the character of its shortcomings and responsibilities in respect of National education. "The blessings of a good education" is a familiar term to all of us, but it is by no means a familiar idea to many of us, and there are hundreds of people who still believe in their hearts that most good qualities are natural rather than acquired, and that schools can really do very little in increasing the amount of happiness or reducing the amount of crime. Sir R. Palmer's protest against this prejudice is, therefore, not at all superfluous, though, perhaps, better instances than he quotes might have been adduced to show the contrary. It is only in a very general sense that education can be credited with the decline of intemperance and swearing among the upper classes, for these vices were certainly practised two generations ago by men who had been far more highly educated than ordinary members of society are now, or perhaps will ever be. Possibly the improvement of our public schools has had something to do with it, but, after all, boys take their tone from the great world, and copy the foibles of their elders. The fact is, that, as Mr. Lecky has shown, it is very difficult to assign any step in the progress of civilisation to a special cause. Superstitious and mischievous usages pass

or fown into silence. Ladies have a faculty—seen without knowing it—a special gift of frightening one of these things to the verge of an imbecile confession of basfulness. The noisiest bar-rouster, the most accomplished chaff at the counter, is generally dumb when brought face to face with a modest woman. Does it ever occur to him that he positively has to pay for being tolerated, and that he is regarded by his listener as the mere “typical development” of something to drink. It is from this class that the barmaid occasionally draws a husband, for with an affected knowledge of the world there is no more consummate donkey than your juvenile bar frequenter. The barmaid has in many cases the worst of the bargain, but in any event she can take good care of herself. She has no sentiment to be stifled, no fine feelings to be hurt, no delicate honour to shrink from the coarse humours of her partner. Then she is acquainted with an unfailing source of consolation, and can keep her husband in countenance if he rehearses the manner of his courtship during the hours of matrimonial association. As we set off to this picture, which is essentially of the town, we might turn to the barmaid of the country inn. If there are no bagmen in the way, you can even yet find in England some hotels in which a young lady presides at a bar whose manner adds a positive bouquet to Bass. There are few places so favoured, however, and certainly not enough to redeem the calling from the taint of vulgarity and worse. It would be a strange study for a psychologist to endeavour to dissect and realise, or, better, to get within or speak or write out of, as Browning did of Caliban, the barmaid mind. Human nature appears to her measured by quarts.

But did not Mr. Tennyson do for her what he did for that plump attendant at the “Cook”? She, too, has her customers “returning like the peewit!” She hears politics and all else through a haze of beer; but, if there is truth in wine, may not the whole character of a man display itself when he is far gone in “half-and-half?” The kind of disposition nurtured upon maudlin compliments must be curious; and yet, probably, the barmaid, after a while, is blessed with that professional callousness which serves artists of a much higher occupation in lieu of an indifference founded upon superior motives. A dancer is not half the worse of her dancing that she seems to be to spectators who enjoy her performance, chiefly because they believe that she is. A barmaid apparently listening to questionable jests may only hear them as in the course of business, and may only smirk at them to lighten the pocket of the narrator. There may be barmaids unsold by their surroundings, though it is difficult to conceive virtue of such Salamanander complexion, for virtue in a barmaid is in constant danger of being scotched, if not killed. This, perhaps, is a cynical reflection upon them, but one so obvious that we could scarcely conclude without making it.

#### THE ROLLING OF THE IRONCLADS.

(From the *Wall Mail Gazette*, October 30.) It is impossible to offer any scientific explanation of the phenomena exhibited by the Bellerophon and the other ironclads, which have so much astonished naval authorities, without for more exact details than have yet been published. Contrary to expectation, it was found that the two ships which carried their guns high up in their hulls, even on the main deck, rolled and lurched far less than those whose armament, and therefore their centre of gravity, was lower down. While the Caledonia lurched 35 degrees, the extreme roll of the Achilles was only 16 degrees, and that of the Bellerophon only 10 degrees. Without knowing whether these figures represent the steady lurching of the ships to leeward, sailing under a heavy gale, or their roll from side to side under the mere influence of the waves, it is useless to speculate how it was that popular opinion in the navy has been so entirely wrong in this important matter. If the former, it is probable that the popular view has entirely overlooked the nature of the resisting power of the water acting upon the submerged portions of the ship's sides, a power whose action must be materially modified by the position of the centre of gravity in the vessel. When a ship lurches on one side under the force of a gale, she simply illustrates the action of the mechanical lever, the wind forcing the upper arm of the lever in one direction, while a counter force is exerted by the water upon the lower arm. The greater the length of each arm of the lever the greater is the amount of force thus exerted on the position of the ship, so that a very small amount of canvas spread at the masthead exerts an influence, both on the lurching and on the speed of the vessel, far greater than that which it would exert if placed near the fulcrum. This fulcrum is practically placed at the surface of the water, where the pressure in one direction ends, and the counter-acting pressure in the other direction begins.

But here another element in the calculation enters. An ordinary ship, when not in the water, is in a condition of what mathematicians term “unstable equilibrium,” and she would topple over to one side, not being sustained by the pressure of the water on her two sides. The extent of this “instability” of equilibrium is, moreover, dependent on the position of her centre of gravity, as being nearer to or farther from her keel. And the moment she is thrown out of that perpendicular position in which the water holds her, by the force of the wind on one of her sides, she tends to fall sideways by the mere law of gravitation, just as she would fall adrift on dry land, while the force of this tendency is dependent upon the position of her centre of gravity. The higher is this centre of gravity the greater the force which causes her to fall on dry land, because she is affected simply by the action of the law of gravitation. But the moment a new dynamical power is called into play, and the submerged portion of her sides becomes one of the arms of a lever, it is clear that the more powerful is the action of that arm, that is, the greater is its length, the greater is its force in resisting the overbalancing force of the wind.

The influence of the position of the centre of gravity in a boat when that centre is actually out of the water is familiar to everybody who has ever been on the sea in a rowing boat with a party of people who cannot be persuaded not to stand upright. In a shallow-built boat, filled with people, even sitting down, the centre of gravity is frequently above the surface of the water. But the moment it is much raised by their jumping up, a very slight power acting on the tremendous leverage thus created sends the whole over on one side in an instant.

The true explanation of the facts now observed involves, no doubt, some very difficult and obscure problems in dynamics, arising from the peculiar character of the resistance offered by water to the pressure of a ship's side, displacing the water in exact proportion to the pressure exerted by the wind. At the same time, as a preliminary to any practical conclusion in the building

of an ironclad, the relative position of the centre of gravity in iron and in wooden ships must be determined. Where all, or nearly all, is of iron, it is obvious that the lower portions of the hull must be heavier in proportion to the upper portions than was the case with our old wooden ships, with their eighty-four or one hundred and twenty guns raised immensely above the water line. And such being the facts, it needs no words to prove that the centre of gravity in such ironclads as the Pallas and the Lord Clyde must be far lower down than that of the Victoys and Terribles from which our forefathers ruled the seas.

#### THE WHEAT AND GRAIN CROPS IN THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

(From the *Mark Lane Express*.)

A natural consequence of that portion of the United States bordering on the lakes, and lying between them and the Mississippi and other rivers, had only fur-trading posts and a few scattered settlements of white population. The hunting grounds of the red man were almost undisturbed. The vast region between the Mississippi and the Arctic was then unexplored. The feeders up the lakes were dead Indians. Commerce there was none that could be dignified with the name; white population only a few thousand. There were no considerable towns, no railways, no canals, no manufactures. Now, upon the bosom of the great lakes floats a fleet of nearly two thousand vessels, nearly all of large class. Eleven new States, comprising Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, have been carved out of the north-west territory, and admitted into the Union, embracing an area of more than six hundred thousand square miles, and containing a population, in 1860, of more than ten millions. Within their borders are more than a hundred large towns, thriving villages, and populous cities; fifteen thousand miles of railway, completed and in operation; 2447 miles of canals, and 10,000 miles of lakes; 1,000 miles are slack-water navigation. The population and valuation of property, the harbour improvements, the manufactures and commerce, the canal, railway, and water connection by lakes and rivers, with other portions of this widely extended country, the agricultural productions, all indicate the rapid march of improvement that has taken place throughout all this vast inland region of the country.

The following will show the number of bushels of grain sent eastward from these States and Canada West, including flour, estimated as wheat, allowing five bushels of wheat for each barrel of flour:—

Year.	57,707,789
1856	44,789,651
1857	26,724,566
1858	44,383,250
1859	78,652,486
1860	119,264,233
1861	137,669,872
1862	116,367,548
1863	82,985,046
1864	89,249,777

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To Parties Furnishing and others.

HURSDAY, 3rd January, at 11 o'clock.

H. D. COCKBURN has been instructed to sell by auction, THIS DAY, 3rd January, at 11 o'clock, on the premises, 13, King-street, the household furniture of a board and lodging house.

Terms, cash.

In the insolvent Estate of R. A. Newman.

At the risk of Davidson and others.

H. D. COCKBURN will sell by auction, at his Mart, Park-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock, matches, beer, coffee, &amp;c.

At the risk of former purchasers.

Terms, cash.

Unredeemed Pledges.

H. D. COCKBURN has been instructed by Mr. Lewis Benjamin, for Mr. H. H. pawnbroker, 26, South Head Road, to sell by his Mart, Park-street, on MONDAY, 7th January, at 11 o'clock, the personal effects pawned with Mr. H. H. on the following date —

12 — One dogcart, silver-plated harness traps, cushions, &amp;c.

Terms, cash.

Boots and Shoes. Calif. Kid, and Morocco Skins.

On account of whom it may concern.

Damaged by fire and sea water.

Ex John Duthie.

Boots and Shoe Trade, Furniture Salesmen, Chemists and Druggists, and others.

COLLIER has received instructions to sell by auction, at the Stores, 21, Wynnard-street, FRIDAY, the 4th instant, at 11 o'clock.

Packages of the above goods will be advertised on the day.

Terms, cash, before delivery.

Removed at purchaser's expense immediately.

Damaged Boots and Shoes.

On account of whom it may concern.

Ex John Duthie.

THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

H. R. CHAS. MOORE and CO. have received instructions to sell by auction, at Pitt-street, THIS DAY, 10 o'clock.

POC over S in triangle.

36 pairs ladies kid S. boots

Two trunks the same

The same

12, 15, 17 trunks the same

36 pairs lonian

The same

36 pairs cashmere

Two trunks the same

Kid and bronze

The same

10 pairs ladies cashmere

10 pairs kid E. S.

6 ditto ditto cashmere E. S.

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Two trunks the same

The same

12, 15, 17 trunks the same

36 pairs lonian

The same

36 pairs cashmere

Two trunks the same

Kid and bronze

The same

10 pairs ladies cashmere

10 pairs kid E. S.

